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# Daily Mirror

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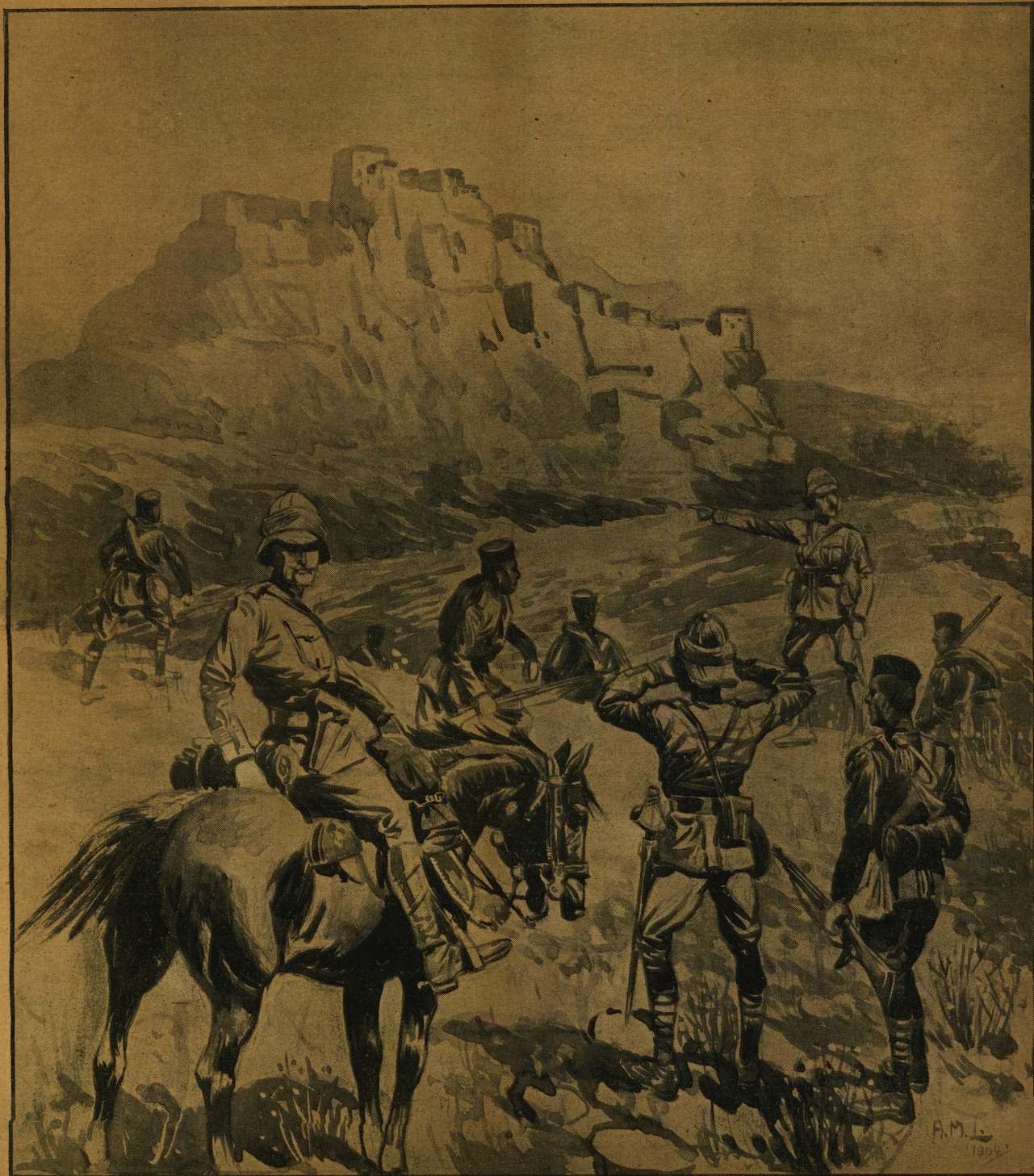
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FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

THE OBSTACLE TO THE ADVANCE IN TIBET—GYANGTSE FORT.



Reconnoitring the Tibetan Fort at Gyantse preparatory to the assault.—(Drawn from a special photograph from the front.)



## BIRTHS.

**FEILDEN**.—On May 25, at Barnstaple, Norfolk, the wife of Captain Algernon B. Feilden, of a daughter.  
**JOHNSTONE**.—On Tuesday, the 24th inst., at 62, Bickenhall Mansions, W., the wife of James Johnstone, of a daughter.  
**LLOYD**.—At Minard Castle, Wrexham, on May 21, the wife of Walter Lloyd, Royal Engineers, Fusiliers, of a daughter.  
**O'BRIEN**.—On May 24, at Whitehead Lodge, Crown Hill, Plymouth, the wife of Major H. M. O'Brien, the Border Regiment, of a son.  
**FRANK**.—On the 25th inst., at West View, Spencer Hill-road, Wimbledon, the wife of Henry E. Peacock, barrister-at-law, of a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

**JOHNSON-YATES**.—On the 24th inst., at Hove, Eric T. Johnson, B.A., LL.B., Cantab, barrister-at-law, only son of the late Peter Johnson, of Ashfield, Pendleton, and Mrs. Peter Johnson, of Rotherham, Yorkshire, to Baby Violet, fourth daughter of the late Leopold Yates, late Superintendent of S.W.S., and of Mrs. Leopold Yates, 15, First Avenue, Hove.  
**SIMON-JACKSON**.—On the 23rd inst., at the English Church, rue d'Agnesse, Paris, Percival Arbuthnot, second surviving son of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Simon, formerly of Sydney, New South Wales, to Isabelle Maud, third surviving daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Jackson, of Versailles.

## DEATHS.

**BURKE**.—On the 22nd inst., at Mitcham, Godalming, of failure of the heart, Charles Carrington Burke, young son of the late St. George Burke, Esq., Q.C., of Ashbur, Salisbury.  
**BYRES-LEAKE**.—On the 22nd, at the Gables, Banchory, N.E., after a short illness from peritonitis, Stuart, the second wife of John Byres-Leake, and second daughter of the late George Moir Byres, of Kinkaid, Aberdeenshire.  
**PAREE**.—On May 24, at the age of thirty years, of acute appendicitis, William Woodhams, the dearly-loved child of Arthur and Beatrice Paree, aged thirteen years.  
**RAZALL**.—On the 24th inst., after much suffering, Mary Razi, for many years the loved and valued friend and faithful maid in the household of Mrs. Brenda and Mrs. Daphne Claver, of Beauregard, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

## PERSONAL.

**R. B.**.—Anxiously waiting your return. Wire—A.  
**LETTER** received last week. Handled solicitor—MONK.  
**MABEL H.** to Ernest. Left business. Do write 44 soon.  
**WILL GORDON**.—Advancements—make appointment with lady he spoke to Oxford-circus April 26th, met 28th Victoria.  
**JAMES SHEPHERD**, Hertfordshire—Wanted to know his whereabouts. Advancements—Benjamin Living, Goringham Hotel, Southampton.  
**ANNUAL REGISTER**.—Wanted, volumes of the "Annual Register," 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 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3383, 3384, 3385, 3386, 3387, 3388, 3389, 3390, 3391, 3392, 3393, 3394, 3395, 3396, 3397, 3398, 3399, 3400, 3401, 3402, 3403, 3404, 3405, 3406, 3407, 3408, 3409, 3410, 3411, 3412, 3413, 3414, 3415, 3416, 3417, 3418, 3419, 3420, 3421, 3422, 3423, 3424, 3425, 3426, 3427, 3428, 3429, 3430, 3431, 3432, 3433, 3434, 3435, 3436, 3437, 3438, 3439, 3440, 3441, 3442, 3443, 3444, 3445, 3446, 3447, 3448, 3449, 3450, 3451, 3452, 3453, 3454, 3455, 3456, 3457, 3458, 3459, 3460, 3461, 3462, 3463, 3464, 3465, 3466, 3467, 3468, 3469, 3470, 3471, 3472, 3473, 3474, 3475, 3476, 3477, 3478, 3479, 3480, 3481, 3482, 3483, 3484, 3485, 3486, 3487, 3488, 3489, 3490, 3491, 3492, 3493, 3494, 3495, 3496, 3497, 3498, 3499, 3500, 3501, 3502, 3503, 3504, 3505, 3506, 3507, 3508, 3509, 3510, 3511, 3512, 3513, 3514, 3515, 3516, 3517, 3518, 3519, 3520, 3521, 3522, 3523, 3524, 3525, 3526, 3527, 3528, 3529, 3530, 3531, 3532, 3533, 3534, 3535, 3536, 3537, 3538, 3539, 3540, 3541, 3542, 3543, 3544, 3545, 3546, 3547, 3548, 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3715, 3716, 3717, 3718, 3719, 3720, 3721, 3722, 3723, 3724, 3725, 3726, 3727, 3728, 3729, 3730, 3731, 3732, 3733, 3734, 3735, 3736, 3737, 3738, 3739, 3740, 3741, 3742, 3743, 3744, 3745, 3746, 3747, 3748, 3749, 3750, 3751, 3752, 3753, 3754, 3755, 3756, 3757, 3758, 3759, 3760, 3



## TAKEN BY STORM.

### Japanese Capture Important Russian Position.

#### A TACTICAL GAIN.

### Kinchow's Fall Will Further Weaken Port Arthur.

Telegrams from Tokio announce an important Japanese success in the capture by storm of the town of Kinchow, on the west side of the Liaotung Peninsula. As this town is only thirty miles from Port Arthur, and situated at the narrowest part of the peninsula, the position of the besieged fortress is rapidly becoming more serious.

On the other side of the peninsula, at Kerr Bay, Japanese landings are taking place, although the Russians are said to be offering a stubborn resistance to the advance of the Japanese along the coast.

Admiral Skrydloff has made a sortie from Vladivostok, but owing to a fog had some difficulty in finding his way back.

#### LAST NIGHT'S TELEGRAMS.

##### JAPANESE SUCCESS.

### Important Town Near Port Arthur Captured.

From Tokio a message has been received announcing that the town of Kinchow was carried by storm by the Japanese yesterday.

Kinchow, which the Japanese are reported to have captured, is a town on the west side of the Liaotung Peninsula, and situated at its narrowest point, where the peninsula is only three miles wide. It is only thirty miles from Port Arthur. The town is a walled one, a perfect square, with its sides to the four points of the compass.

The Russians are said to have strongly fortified the town with thirty large guns and a number of smaller pieces. They had also laid mines and wire entanglements to resist the Japanese attack. In all probability the defending Russians resisted at Port Arthur, but no details are to hand.

##### LANDING AT KERR BAY.

CHIFU, Thursday.

A letter received here from a Japanese correspondent states that a Japanese regiment was landed at Kerr Bay on the 19th inst.—Reuter.

Kerr Bay is near Dalny, on the east of the Liaotung Peninsula, and is the place where Japan lost a torpedo boat and a dispatch boat through floating mines.

##### ADVANCE STUBBORNLY RESISTED.

CHIFU, Thursday.

A junk which left Dalny on the night of the 23rd inst., and arrived here, reported that the Japanese army had reached Sanchiipo, to the north of Dalny and to the south-west of Nagalien, the second station on the Port Arthur line.

It is further reported that the Russians are offering a stubborn resistance to the Japanese advance, and that a battle was taking place at noon on the 22nd at Sanchiipo, the result of which was not known at the time of the junk's sailing. The Japanese landed at Pitsewo are coming down the east side of the peninsula to Dalny.

##### SKRYDLOFF'S SORTIE.

### Astray in a Fog off Vladivostok.

PARIS, Thursday.

The following from St. Petersburg appears in the "Journal":—

According to private telegrams, Admiral Skrydloff made his first sortie from Vladivostok on board the *Rossia*, escorted by the *Gromoboi*.

He went out several miles, and then came back as a thick fog came on, owing to which he was only able to find the entrance to the harbour again with great difficulty.—Reuter.

The Dowager-Empress of China is contributing £10,000 to the Japanese Red Cross Society.

Sir Charles Hardinge, the new British Ambassador to Russia, was received in audience by the Tsar yesterday.

A Japanese paper says: A set of over thirty mines that had gone adrift from Dalny was picked up by fishermen the other day. One of them was sold for four yen to a Chinaman, who tested it with a hammer. Four people were killed.

## THE PUSHBALL GAME.

### King Opens the Military Tournament at Islington.

His Majesty the King, accompanied by the Queen and Princess Victoria, travelled from Windsor to London yesterday for the purpose of opening the Royal Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall.

Along the route from Paddington to the Palace and afterwards to the Agricultural Hall the streets were lined with crowds, who cheered heartily as their Majesties came past.

His Majesty was received at the Hall by the Duke of Connaught, Lord Roberts, General O'Planch, Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, and a number of distinguished officers.

The King looked in excellent health, and wore the undress uniform of a Field-Marshal.

Her Majesty wore a charming heliotrope costume, with a small toque of the same colour trimmed with artificial Neapolitan violets. Princess Victoria was attired in a pearl grey gown surmounted with a small black toque.

#### Queen Watches Push-Ball.

The most exciting event of the programme was the game of "pushball" played by teams from the Royal Horse Guards. The Queen stood up and conversed in a most animated manner with her Majesty as she pointed out the course of the huge ball round the arena. At times they both laughed heartily at the antics of the players.

The ball was driven up and down at great speed while the Guardsmen, who were mounted without saddles, urged their steeds against it at full gallop.

Apparently the game was new to the majority of the audience, and caused great amusement and not a little excitement when the horses dashed up against the wooden boxes where the spectators were sitting. One soldier was thrown, but not hurt.

The grand pageant, "The Rise of the Royal Artillery," showing its progress from the days of Greycy to the Boer war, formed a brilliant spectacle as the soldiers representing the various periods marched into the arena and formed up.

After the march past their Majesties left for Paddington, to return to Windsor.

Before departing the King and Queen shook hands with Lord Roberts and General O'Planch, and congratulated them on the excellence of the tournament.

## NO INTERVENTION.

### Russia Will Involve the World in War.

PARIS, Thursday.

The "Echo de Paris" publishes a telegram from St. Petersburg stating that an important arrangement has been come to between Russia and Germany, and that negotiations relative to the customs tariffs of the two empires are virtually concluded.

It is stated that Russia makes concessions which will permit Count von Bulow to satisfy the Agrarian party in Germany, while Germany promises to support Russia at the end of the war with a view to preventing the assembly of another Berlin Congress.

The correspondent affirms that Russia will mobilise 2,000,000 men, and will involve the whole world in war rather than submit to the humiliation of the intervention of other Powers to bring about peace. Recent utterances of the French Minister at Peking, as to foreseeing a "Congress," has, it is added, produced a disastrous impression in the face of the Russian declarations.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

## ROYAL COMPOSER.

### Song by Princess Beatrice Given at Stafford House.

The Queen was not present at the Chopin Memorial Concert at Stafford House yesterday afternoon, but the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Henry of Battenberg came soon after the commencement. The last-named Princess was represented on the programme by a song, "The Sunny Month of May," charmingly sung by Madame Ella Russell. Her Royal Highness is a composer of no mean merit, and has already several published pianoforte pieces and songs to her credit.

## NEWS A STATE NECESSITY.

Mr. H. G. Wells, at the Royal Institution yesterday, said that literature was more necessary in the modern state than the Army or Navy. If Russia was pointed out as an instance of a country without any great national literature, he might reply that the Orthodox Church, which was the mainstay of the country, was largely supported by its Church writings.

The Press nowadays had a great influence. The modern state could not get on without news—news that was truthful, wise, and straightforward.

Captain Edward Pilkington, R.N., well known in yachting circles, died yesterday. He won many honours during his lengthy naval career, serving in the Baltic and Black Seas during the war with Russia in the fifties.

## OMINOUS SILENCE.

### No News of the Tibetan Mission for Three Days.

#### LHASA FULL OF SOLDIERS.

SIMLA, Thursday.

There has been no news from the British force at Gyantse for three days.

The postal and telegraph service has ceased till fresh troops arrive owing to the attacks on the postal carriers.

The second wing of the 40th Pathans has been ordered to Siliguri for Tibet. The second half of the Royal Fusiliers will remain at Lebong for the present.—Reuter.

Another telegram received last night says it is reported that Lhasa is full of soldiers, and that big guns have been mounted on the walls to resist the British attack.

## MURDER WILL OUT.

### Light On a Mysterious Crime After Four Years.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ROUEN, Thursday.

A four-year-old crime, which up till now had defied all efforts at solution, seems likely to be cleared up at last.

In June, 1900, a labourer of La Saussaye, named Massieux, disappeared.

Just a week after Massieux's disappearance a man named Bermet was walking with his child in the woods of Saint Didier. They came to a pit filled with water, and the little boy threw a stone into it. A strange, dull groan followed the splash. Suddenly suspicious of foul play, the man ran to the nearest village for help, and the missing man was found. He expired at once, without uttering a word which might give a clue to the mystery.

It was thought to be a case of suicide by all but the dead man's parents. These placed on the tombstone the following inscription:—

"Here lies — slain by an enemy's hand." Stranger than any ending which fiction might have devised to the story is the truth of what happened a fortnight since.

M. Canu, a relation of the drowned man, found close to Massieux's house a packet of journals containing a letter. This letter alleged that a certain man (whose name was given) had confessed that he and two others had thrown Massieux into the pit. It was safe, he said, to speak now, since the victim's father was dead and there was nothing to fear.

The murdered man's people at once prosecuted in researches. Several arrests have been made in consequence, and Mme. Massieux demands a fresh inquest.

## TRIPPERS' TRYING TIME.

### Five Hundred Excursionists Adrift at Sea.

Nearly 500 weary, heavy-eyed excursionists who left Douglas, Isle of Man, in cheerful, buoyant spirits on Wednesday afternoon by the paddle steamer *Queen Victoria* were deposited on the landing stage, Liverpool, at half-past five o'clock yesterday morning by the *Ellan Vannin*. They had had a rough experience. Instead of occupying three and a half hours, the voyage had taken thirteen and a half.

It appears that when about an hour and a half's journey from home there was a sudden crash in the engine-room, which shook the vessel like an explosion. The paddles stopped working, and whilst people were wondering what terrible thing had happened the vessel slowly came to a stop. When it was found that a piston-rod had broken, and that the vessel was lying helpless.

The passengers, who, like most trippers, were inclined to petty misapprehensions, at once developed the cheerful side of things. They indulged in all kinds of extravagant amusements, declined to be depressed, and settled down to spend a night at sea. The commissariat department was almost depleted—it succumbed at the first attack. One enterprising individual, apparently anticipating a famine on board, had brought food on the off-chance of making a substantial profit, and he certainly did so.

The sea was beautifully calm, the air warm, and the moon shone brightly, making a night on deck not unpleasant. After four hours the *Ellan Vannin*, due out to Ramsey, Isle of Man, was sighted at about ten o'clock and signalled by a rocket.

#### £5,000 ADVERTISEMENT.

To advertise their biscuits Messrs. Peck, Frean, and Company yesterday entertained 25,000 of their customers in the London district at the Crystal Palace. The scheme, it is understood, cost the firm £5,000.

In the evening a cinematograph display, showing a series of living pictures illustrative of every-day work in Messrs. Peck, Frean's factory, was given in the theatre.

## RUSH TO NEW YORK.

### Troops of Aliens Take the £2 Trip.

#### RECORD EMIGRANT PARTY.

The rate war between the Atlantic steamship companies has helped to solve the alien question in a satisfactory manner for all parties. Nearly 1,000 Jews of various nationalities left London yesterday for America by the Red Star liner *Kronland* and the Holland-American liner *Potsdam*, and Christians made up the number to 1,200.

Passengers for the *Kronland* embarked by the steamer *Batavier IV*, for Antwerp, via Rotterdam, and those for the *Potsdam* travelled by the *Batavier II*, to Rotterdam.

The surplus, who could not squeeze on board the Dutch steamers at Blackwall, travelled by the G.E.Ry. at 8.30 last night, via Harwich, to Rotterdam and Antwerp respectively.

The announcement of the reduction of the passenger rate to £2 was made known in the East End on Saturday night, and from then Kendall's Steamship Agencies were kept busy night and day, including Sunday, booking passengers by the *Kronland*.

Very few of the applicants for the Red Star liner were English. This was not so much the case with the *Potsdam*, and by the courtesy of British workmen were among those who booked by her at Hetherington's Agency in the Strand.

#### Departure of Aliens.

The first large crowd of emigrants were timed to leave Custom House Quay at eleven o'clock yesterday morning in the *Batavier IV*—in all 600 persons. Long before the appointed hour the Hebrews swarmed down to Thames-street, accompanied by their uncles, aunts, and cousins to the fiftieth remove.

Yiddish was the language principally spoken, and tears were shed so copiously that the dock policemen were in danger of getting damp feet.

The crowds were forced back behind barricades, and only the actual passengers were allowed on the quay. The walls which came up from the tribes of Israel behind the barriers disturbed the pigeons on the roof of the Custom House.

All the British Atlantic steamship lines had their agents down there to witness the stealing of their steering gear by the foreign lines.

The emigrants on the *Batavier* will have no opportunity, judging by the space, of feeling lonesome between London and Rotterdam.

They herded down into the hold, and half the hatches were put on to get the baggage on board; the Israelites thought that they were going to be battered down, and rushed up on deck shrieking hysterically.

#### Mixed Cheering.

As the steamer left at 11.45 the emigrants cheered in various tongues. Few of them could speak English. Some unemployed British workmen on the quay also cheered, and said that they would come down daily and cheer every boatload of Yiddishers which left the country.

The emigrants for the *Potsdam* left Blackwall Pier at 3 o'clock for Rotterdam. Both crowds had have supper and breakfast on the steamer, and remain to-night in hotels at Rotterdam and Antwerp respectively, until they embark to-morrow.

Continental companies look after the emigrant in a firm manner which there is no escaping. All persons are vaccinated whether they believe in it or not.

#### Effects of a Bath.

The emigrants arrive from all parts of Europe at the port of embarkation in a more or less dirty condition.

Men and women, Jews and Gentiles, are all separated and driven into rooms, where they have to strip and be medically examined. Then they go through a scrubbing process in the bathrooms, while their clothes are baked and disinfected.

When the emigrants emerge from the purification process in clean clothes the transformation is so great that husbands and wives fail to recognise each other, and have to be identified by the small numbered leaden discs they have given to them on entering.

It was not stated whether the Hebrew contingent from London will have to go through the cleansing formula before they sail from the Continent. Judging by appearances, yesterday, several of them looked as if a bath would be a distinct shock. All of them will have to be vaccinated.

The English tourists and emigrants may escape the disinfection before sailing, but they will certainly need it on arrival at Castle Garden, New York.

The fares to the Continent average about 10s. per head. This leaves 30s. for the trip, and as the food costs about 1s. per head per day the companies will not lose money. The British lines are considering the question of the rates, and may decide to reduce their fares to-day.

#### FATE RESPECTS OLD AGE.

BERLIN, Wednesday.

An old building suddenly collapsed yesterday at Sillegny, in Lorraine, burying a large number of persons.

Six little girls between six and seven years' old were killed, but an old lady of eighty was dug out unharmed.



## FOR THE DERBY.

Gouvernant's Luxurious Trip to English Shores.

## TRAVELS LIKE A PRINCE.

"Will Gouvernant be seaisick?" is a query seemingly trivial yet of grave importance.

The French champion, which is expected to win our English Derby, will sniff the sea to-day, for he starts from his training home, La Foulleuse, a few miles outside Paris, this afternoon. He will arrive about 6 p.m. at Boulogne, and there he will spend the night preparatory to crossing the Channel. The stages of this momentous journey are as carefully calculated as the steps taken by General Kuroki's army in Manchuria. Gouvernant will be entrenched in comfortable quarters to-night at Boulogne, and to-morrow mid-day he will risk the sea voyage.

Much depends on the mood of the Channel. An acute attack of mal de mer might discount the Derby chance by 25 per cent. A mere railway journey from Newmarket to Epsom has been known to extinguish the hopes centred in a first favourite for the Oaks.

Fortunately Gouvernant's sporting correspondent (in Paris) in the present circumstances Gouvernant is not the weaker sex, and as I saw him at St. Cloud he impressed me as a colt of particularly sober temperament.

Every care, down to the most ingenious detail, is taken to make the journey comfortable.

## One of the Sober Sex.

Gouvernant will have every luxury possible to an equine traveller. The French champion en voyage will have his own private saloon.

Thoroughbreds are peculiarly soothed by the presence of well-bred companions, and that experienced traveller, Glauco, who has already been across the English Channel four times, and seems to like the sea, accompanies Gouvernant. His society alone is an assurance that the younger traveller will be kept in amiable mood.

The customs authorities at Folkestone will have to examine the water tanks which are among Gouvernant's luggage to see that it is not vin ordinaire, but l'eau ordinaire, which is necessary to our French visitor's health and comfort, since English chalky waters will not be taken by him on any account.

## His Travelling Shoes.

From Folkestone Gouvernant will journey to Epsom, and find lodgment in William Holt's stables—quarters as comfortable as those in his picturesque home at La Foulleuse.

Gouvernant travels in easy shoes. The plates which he will wear in the great contest are yet to be chosen, but there is a selection among his traps, and it will depend on the weather and the state of the ground whether his footwear will be of aluminium or steel, and of what particular conformation.

The French have taken a leaf from the American text books on shoeing, which is now a fine art. The instruments employed are as neat and numerous as in an ordinary surgical case destined for human beings.

## The Art of Good Shoeing.

The importance of proper shoeing may be guessed by the fact that in the United States the difference in time in which a horse may do a mile can amount to ten seconds, according to the plying. On this art men like Eugene Leigh have made a high reputation.

It is announced that M. Cannon will ride Gouvernant for the great race.

## The Queen to See the Derby.

His Majesty the King, it is announced, will attend all the races at Epsom next week, leaving Victoria about 12.30 each day.

The pleasing announcement is also made that her Majesty the Queen is expected to accompany the King on Wednesday to see the great race. Her Majesty was to have been present last year, but other engagements prevented her. She has, as a matter of fact, very rarely witnessed the historic race.

## TURNED OUT TO DIE.

Thomas Tomlin, formerly groom to the late Lord Berwick, asked for shelter at the Post Office, Yockleton. Mistaking weakness for drunkenness, the people turned him away, and the man, who was old, fell down on the roadside and lay there for fourteen hours.

Ultimately the police found him, and removed him to Salop Infirmary, where he died just after admission. At the inquest the jury thought the man should have been removed earlier, but found that death was due to "Natural Causes."

## BOY BURSTS INTO FLAMES.

BERLIN, Wednesday.

A most mysterious affair is engaging the attention of the Berlin police. While a number of children were playing near Erkane the clothes of a little boy suddenly burst into flame, and his arms were burnt so terribly that only the bones were left.

As a sound was heard of a shot being fired, it is thought some person must have been experimenting with a new explosive, but no clue has as yet been discovered.

## THE STAGE FRENCHMAN.

Haymarket Play Severely Condemned by an Angry Parisian.

We chronicled yesterday the successful production of "Lady Flirt" at the Haymarket Theatre, the piece in which Mr. Cyril Maude plays the part of a French count. To the audience on Wednesday night it gave great amusement, but there was evidently one member of the audience who did not share in the general satisfaction, for yesterday afternoon we received the following letter, bearing the signature of a Frenchman well known both in Paris and London:—

ST. JAMES'S, May 26.

Sir,—At your Haymarket Theatre I expected to find at least courtesy towards my country. MM. Maude and Harrison have often been indebted to the Paris stage for successful plays, and they are both, I believe, educated, well-bred gentlemen.

Yet on Wednesday I go to their theatre to find upon its stage a gross insult to the French nation. I do not complain much of the character of the Count de la Roche. There are certainly men like him in France, as also in England.

But I could not sit calmly in my seat and listen to an Englishman telling the Count that he was a monkey, and all kinds of other brutalities, which no gentleman could use and no Frenchman could permit himself to hear.

I expected at least that the Count would fight and kill, or at any rate seriously wound, this low-bred fellow, who outraged both the laws of society and a gentleman's feelings. But no—the play seemed to be written for the Englishman, and to show the Frenchman in an odious light.

In view of the entente cordiale, I ask to be allowed to say that I am surprised and pained by this attack upon my nation.

Receive, sir, the assurance of my respectful consideration,

A PATRIOTIC FRENCHMAN.

## BUDDING SPURGEON.

Gifted Boy Preacher Arouses Remarkable Enthusiasm.

From the remote Cornish village of Keheland, near Camborne, a youthful preacher has recently come forth whose spiritual gifts are attracting widespread attention. He is one of eight children of the family of a Mr. W. Nicholas, who is a "tinstreamer."

When fifteen years old the boy commenced to preach, but it is only within the past few weeks apparently that his fame has spread beyond the limits of his own village. "Diminutive in figure, slight and fragile in appearance, but with little suggestion of endurance, or physical power, a somewhat childish face, at times beaming with smiles, a luxuriance of curly hair, covering a shapely head, tiny hands, with a surprising facility of gesture, and a voice penetrative, musical, and wonderfully full in tone."

This is the description which the "Christian World" gives of the youth who on a recent Sunday morning preached in one of the largest chapels in the country amid a scene of enthusiasm which, it is said, has not been equalled for a century.

On Thursday and Friday he conducted two services in the United Methodist Free Church at Plymouth. The building is commodious, but hundreds had to go away disappointed.

Friends are subscribing to send him to the United Methodist Free Church College for the purpose of study. He possesses a wonderfully perfect memory, a voice of unusual power, and great fragrance of utterance.

A photograph of the "boy preacher" will be found on page 9.

## "ENDEAVOURERS" AND THE KING.

Yesterday morning the last of the special trains bore away loads of Christian Endeavourers from London.

One of the officials told a *Mirror* representative yesterday that the convention of the past week had been one of the largest ever held, some 25,000 people having visited London to take part in it.

The convention was a very representative one, members being present from America, Russia, Spain, Portugal, Finland, and France, and they have all gone back to their respective countries filled with enthusiasm.

The 800 delegates who were received by the King at Windsor were thoroughly charmed with their gracious reception.

## PHOTOGRAPHING A DONKEY.

The little dark-coated donkey Edna, which is appearing nightly on the stage of the Apollo Theatre in the opera "Veronique," refused to be photographed with Miss Vincent on her back.

Several efforts have been made during the past week to induce Edna to stand for her picture, but she displays her unwillingness, despite the fact that Miss Vincent has taken the trouble to dress in her stage costumes for the photographs to be taken.

## "TWO PENCE ALL THE WAY."

How the Thames Steamers Will Run Next Month.

After being without passenger steamers on the Thames since 1901, a service is to be started again next Thursday between Westminster and Greenwich, with a calling stage at London Bridge.

The fare between Greenwich and London Bridge will be 3d., and that from London Bridge to Westminster a penny.

As a further inducement to workers in the City to use the steamers the fare up to eleven o'clock forenoon will be "2d. all the way."

Seven of the newest steamers belonging to the Thames Steamboat Company will be engaged in the service. They will run at intervals of twenty minutes, and the journey is expected to take from thirty to thirty-five minutes.

In conversation with a member of the *Mirror* staff yesterday a representative of the steamboat company said:—

"The real success of the venture depends upon the attitude the Press adopts regarding our service."

"These steamers," he said, "have been a stock butt. They have been called 'Noah's Arks' and 'floating penny puffers,' 'penny strugglers,' and the like; but we have absolutely renovated the boats, and it is about time that the jokes should cease."

## NO HANSOM PROFITS.

Cab-Owners Cannot Afford to Grant Drivers' Demands.

Yesterday an interview appeared in these columns with Mr. Sam Michaels, the secretary of the Cab Drivers' Union, on the subject of the present critical situation between masters and drivers in the cab trade.

With a view of obtaining the opinions of the masters on the matter, a *Mirror* representative called on the London Improved Cab Company.

"Cabmen are never satisfied," said a leading official. "Since the rates were fixed by the Asquith Convention in 1894 they have never ceased to agitate."

"And the position is not nearly so bad as they make out. Most of our men work only from four to four and a half days a week. That speaks for itself. And it is so everywhere."

"In any case, we cannot lower the rates and live. Many of us have already sold out and gone into other businesses."

Mr. Alfred Mills, the secretary of the Federation of Associated Cab Proprietors, told a *Mirror* representative that it is hard enough for owners to pay 20s. in the £1. "Very often," he said, "quite impossible."

"Why won't we meet the union? Because it is not representative."

"I do not know anything of the contemplated 'strike'—but you may take it from me the men's terms will be ignored."

## SANDALWOOD ACTORS AT THE LYRIC.

The first of several of the old Greek tragedies that we are to see during the coming weeks was produced at the Lyric Theatre yesterday, "Hippolytus" of Euripides, the story of which is pretty familiar to modern playgoers through Bernhard's appearance in "Phédre," which is Racine's treatment of the same event.

Mr. Ben Webster, who played Hippolytus, wore the difficult Grecian costume, reaching not even as far as the knees, with a dignity that rivalled an statue in the British Museum. Bare-legged and bare-armed, he spoke with a grace and force that really moved one to something like real "pity and fear" at Hippolytus's rate. Miss Edith Olive was passionate and graceful enough as Phédre herself—but flowing robes and longed hair are not new to the actress as Hippolytus's dress must be to an actor.

## GANGES OF DEAD TROUT.

No explanation is yet forthcoming to account for the strange case of fish poisoning in Derbyshire, by which ten miles of the best angling water in the River Derwent has been turned into a veritable Ganges, on whose surface float dead trout.

The Trent Fishery Board water-bailiff visited Matlock yesterday to investigate the matter. A clue is being followed closely, and a solution is thought probable.

Nothing like the extent of the present destruction has ever been known in Derbyshire, and it is feared the trout and grayling season has been spoiled for at least several years.

## MEANING OF "ALAKE."

The title of "Alake" of Abeokuta has puzzled a good many people, but it is now possible to say to the doubts that have been expressed as to its meaning. On the authority of the late Sir Richard Burton, I may say, writes a correspondent of the "Sheldahl Telegraph," that it is equivalent to the Lord or Possessor of Ake, a town or township so called after the old and now destroyed capital of Yorubaland. The name of Abeokuta means in Yoruba under a stone, underneath rock.

## ALAKE THE DEVOUT.

His Christian Majesty's Day at the Abbey.

## SELECTS HIS PEW.

The Alake of Abeokuta went round Westminster Abbey yesterday afternoon. He was personally conducted by the Dean, with whom he afterwards had tea. His nephew was with him, and Sir William MacGregor, while Mr. Edun, as ever, was one of the most accomplished interpreters a Monarch ever had.

The Alake came into the Abbey by the entrance that looks down Victoria-street. A stifled sound came from his abundant person, something between a groan and a sigh. Politeness alone compelled his attention to the Dean's remarks upon the brasses and the stone floor. Abeokuta was becoming smaller spot day by day. What were the whole of his 8,000 square miles of territory to this one monument?

## Golden Robe.

Presently, with a shake of his shoulders, he was himself again—an ebony African with a gorgeously thin lips for a negro, decked in a gorgeous blue and gold robe, like a "kimono," carrying a round blue cap in his right hand, on the thumb of which was a black finger stall. He was quite a handsome person, but all the while he spoilt the effect by being so obviously conscious of his new European boots.

## Blase Nephew.

His nephew behaved just like any European young man. He adopted a blasé air and wandered about with an air of indifference, and regarded personal conducting by a minor cleric with contumaciousness. His air suggested that he could show them better sights in Abeokuta.

The Alake could not conceal his delight when he came to the choir. The dean tried to interest him in the seat he was to have when he attended Divine Service, but not for the Alake were these things, and a Monarch can always choose his chair. His chin was up in the air, and his long shiny "oochee" touched as high the spot of a big jug. "Oochee! oochee! a-g-h-g-h!" he said.

## Musical Monarch.

Then along came Sir Frederick Bridge, and was introduced. When he heard who he was, the Alake shook hands with him and made some guttural remarks, which sounded aggressive. But Sir Frederick's apprehensions were soon set at rest—the potentate was showing the whites of his eyes, because he was a musician too. Sir Frederick bustled off at once to play the organ, while the Dean carried off the Alake to St. Edmund's Chapel, where he might enjoy the music.

What might have been an awkward incident occurred en route, for the Alake stopped to look at a fresco painting of Richard II. He liked the artist's style, and seemed to want one done of himself. With some difficulty it was explained to him that he had been born some hundreds of years too late, and he was wisely guided from the spot.

The banners and architectural beauties of King Henry VII.'s Chapel merely called for a passing grunt. Banners in Abeokuta had more colouring, and he had been seeing architecture for some time. He was not so unmoved at the sight of Ras Makonnen's gift, the gold Abyssinian cross. "Who's Ras Makonnen?" he said. When he heard he came from Africa he looked annoyed and asked, in commanding grunts, to have a look at it.

The Dean unscrewed the cross from its stand, and gave it into his hands.

The Alake turned it over, inspected it with the eye of a connoisseur, sniffed like a critic, and handed it back. He was "disgrunted." This was terrible—his ostriches had died on the way, and they did not make gold Abyssinian crosses in Abeokuta.

## Fascinating Monument.

All of a sudden the crowd rolled by. Exclamations of the most excessive Abeokutan joy emanated from its monarch. He had seen the monument to Miss Florence Nightingale. It was a sculptor Roubiliac's representation of Death as a skeleton emerging from a grave and aiming his dart at the lady whom her husband endeavours to protect.

The Alake pointed to it, and put himself into a fighting attitude. He remembered his warrior days; he was homesick. Here was a skeleton throwing a spear. He asked an excited question. Joy reigned.

The dean, through Mr. Edun, told him the story. The Alake grew calm and peered into the grave behind the skeleton. He evidently hoped for more.

"We look," said the dean, "more brightly upon death in these days."

This was translated to the Alake, who turned slowly round and with a solemn look on his face said in his strange staccato-sounding speech:

## Gruesome Gesture.

"No Christian need fear to die like that, suddenly." As he said the last word he drew his dusky hand across his throat and made an ugly upward jab with his right hand, which was too horribly expressive of sudden death by a knife to be the gesture of a monarch.

But the Alake of Abeokuta is regenerate. He has a right to sit in the Abbey, as he soon will, at a service, for he is a devout Christian.



THE CITY.

With the exception of a revival in American and Canadian Rails, prices on the Stock Exchange have again shown a sagging tendency. No change took place in the Bank rate yesterday. The fact that the Stock Exchange Committee has appointed two separate committees to meet next week in London to study the India Three per Cent. scrips has led to some profit-taking on the part of speculative holders, and most of the new issues closed dull. Consols also shed a fraction at 90.3 1/8.

In the Foreign market Japanese bonds have rather ousted Russians for the moment in public favour. The latter weakened, on fears of adverse news from Port Arthur, while Japanese issues all improved, the new scrip rising to <sup>2 1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> premium on the Japanese advance being resumed. Other Internationals displayed a good tone, especially Spanish and Portuguese.

Home Rails developed weakness, on the falling off in the investment demand for the Ordinary stocks, though Prior Charges continued to be bought on the cheapness of money. The Southern passenger and

The American market paid very little attention to the forthcoming wholesale dismissal of extra hands by the railroads, owing to the diminution in freight business, as it is hoped that working expenses may thus be reduced. The whole list closed well up on the day.

A good Cardian Pacific increase of 84,000 dollars, coupled with rumours of a favourable April statement on the Grand Trunk system, due on Monday, when a net increase of about \$12,000 is expected, led to considerable attention being paid to Canadian Rails, though Trunk descriptions failed to maintain top prices. Argentine Rails showed weakness, on the weeding-out of tired "bulls," Rosarios falling to 9 1/2. Mexican Rails came into demand on country buying, and closed

Among Miscellaneous stocks London Dock Deferred was in demand at 87. Liptons weakened to 18s. 6d., and Cement issues lost ground.

South Africans were dull, on the unsatisfactory political situation in Cape Town and Johannesburg. Westralians, after being dull, closed firm.

\* \* \* The "Daily Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike most of our contemporaries, we take special care to obtain the last quotations in the Street markets after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

The amount actually converted by the defendant to his own use, the Treasury allege, was £13,825.

What the Thieves Left.

The public were admitted into the court about a quarter-past two, shortly after which Mr. Sims, the solicitor for the Treasury, arrived.

The accused was conducted into court at twenty minutes to three. He is an aged man, probably about seventy, with a mass of greyish, white whiskers. There is an expression of keenness in his pale blue eyes.

On entering the dock he at once took a seat, and kept his eyes fixed upon the ground.

"Not Gully."

He rose again upon the charge being read over, and said, "I am not guilty."

Mr. Sims, in opening the case, said the prosecu-

The clerk asked the accused if he had any question to put.

The defendant, sometimes by himself and sometimes in partnership with his brother and another, acted as solicitor for the Duke of Newcastle, who in June, 1902, was selling a house in Hill-street, Berkeley-square.

On June 23, 1902, Mr. Pearce Jones, a London solicitor, on behalf of the purchaser, paid to the defendant on account of the Duke £3,000, which, it is alleged, was converted from time to time to his own use by the defendant.

The purchase of the house was completed on September 9, 1902, and the defendant then received the balance, the total amount being £36,895, one half in bank notes. By direction of the Duke he paid to the solicitor of the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle £18,000.

Defendant, Mr. Sims continued, was badly pressed by the bank for payment of an overdraft, and he paid £2,000 with the Duke's money in two £1,000 notes.

Appeal to the Mayor.

Defendant being left with £16,825 of the original money in his possession, he on September 13, having got back to Retford, opened a deposit account with Beckett and Co., paying the £15,000 in £1,000 notes.

In 1903, Mr. Sims said, defendant had again recourse to his deposit account at the bank, and drew cheques upon it to meet his obligations.

## HOUSE FURNISHING

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### FOR THE MILLION

At Tottenham a well-dressed man asked for advice respecting a complicated matter.

of Prince Alexander of Teck was arrested, after a ten days' chase, at Tooting yesterday, still wearing some of the Prince's clothes.

After he had left for business one morning his wife eloped with a young man—and the furniture.

The prisoner was on duty at the Royal Pavilion on the morning of May 15, and whilst so engaged he entered the building and stole clothing belonging to the Prince of Teck. He then absconded, jour-

Applicant traced his household goods, but found they had been sold. He traced them to the purchaser only to find they had been resold. Then the furniture changed hands once again. The latest

neying to London in private clothes on a bicycle which he is supposed to have stolen.

owner appeared to be the man who actually removed the goods, but refused to say where to.

Applicant was referred to the police.

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Alice Kitter, after thirty-one years of married life

Alice Kilby, after thirty-one years of married life, got a separation from her husband at Bolton on the ground that he bit her at unexpected moments. She admitted that she had kicked him.

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## Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1904.

## WAITING FOR NEWS.

Tibet and Manchuria are the centres of the world's interest to-day. In each of these far-away lands great events are coming to birth, events which may alter the course of world-history.

What will be the result of the British assault on Gyangtse Fort? Will our brave troops, British and Indian, led by the pick of our Army of the East, succeed in clearing away the obstacle to their advance on Lhasa? Or shall we have yet another "regrettable incident" to add to our already long list?

No less exciting is the situation at Port Arthur, against whose frowning forts the Japanese tide of battle has now begun to roll in grim earnest. In the opinion of the experts in warfare, all over the Continent as well as in this country, the place must fall in time. But if it can succeed in repulsing the first onsets, then the Japanese cause may suffer severely and the Russian advantage may go some way towards wiping out the effect of earlier reverses.

Both problems touch our interests nearly and those of Russia as well. A defeat inflicted upon the British force in Tibet would be hailed in St. Petersburg with thankfulness, if not with open joy. The Bear has had its paw stretched out over the land of the Lamas for many a year. Yet now it has to look on and see the Lion step in.

On the other hand, a Japanese defeat would be regrettable from our point of view, not only because the Japs are our allies and good friends, but because Russian influence in Tibet would certainly be strengthened, and our task made more difficult.

So the period of waiting for news is an anxious as well as an exciting time.

The teaspoons are indignant about Lord Crew's condemnation of "stewed tea and pallid bread" as food for an Imperial race. This is quite natural on the part of the teaspoons, yet all the same it remains true that white bread and tea form an exceedingly poor diet. Why, the teaspoons themselves recognise this by providing much more substantial fare than they did at first. Tea once a day is all right. A little white bread does no harm to healthy people, though brown is far better. But to make them the staple food of the day, as thousands of people do, is as bad as it could be both for this generation and even more for the next.

We thought it was only in novels that all baronets are bad. But even in real life they must be a terribly wild lot. A book recording the misdeeds of baronets was written a few years ago, but when it was shown to the head of the Herald's College he implored the author not to publish it. "No self-respecting man," he said, "would ever accept a baronetcy again." The book never appeared, and now there is only one copy in existence. Surely the baronets ought to subscribe to buy it up.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Upon the same Man, as upon a Vineyard planted on a Mount, there grow more kinds of Wine than one: on the south side, something little worse than Nectar; on the north, something little better than Vinegar.—*Jean Paul-Richter* (1763—1825).

## "DAVID GARRICK" REVIVED LAST NIGHT.



Last night, at the New Theatre, Sir Charles Wyndham revived his famous impersonation of David Garrick, a part which will ever be associated with his name.  
—With apologies to the well-known picture by John Pettie, R.A.

## QUESTION AND ANSWER.

What is the Object of the Military Tournament, and Where do the Profits Go?

The object of the tournament is to encourage and develop skill at arms in all ranks of His Majesty's Regular and Auxiliary Forces and to benefit various military charities.

It is to these charities, selected now by the newly-formed Army Council, that the profits are handed over.

They have amounted since 1880, when the first tournament was held for the benefit of soldiers' widows, to many thousands of pounds.

The total amount taken is generally about £30,000, and, though the expenses are heavy, there is generally a good margin left over in the end.

## ON CLOTHES.

Mutter orlways used to teach us that cloze was the last thing we should think about. Now, I can't go so far as that, for if you start looking at things in that line, well, there—

But, of course, I new wat she meant, so I didn't enter into no argument with er, besides, its always best fer murther wen she "as her own way—and so it is fer all of us. She sed that cloze is a index to a person's mind. Now, that's orl very well, but you've got to take into considarashun that sun people av more cloze than mind, and uthers av more mind than cloze, and, of course, this makes it a bit ruff orl round, don't it? It don't sort of giv anybody a fare charms.

(From "Basement Philosophy," by Jane; edited by E. Maud Burgess. A very amusing little book published by T. H. Roberts, 188, Fleet-street. 1s.)

## A MAN OF THE HOUR.

Russia's Naval Commander-in-Chief.

Bearded as becomes an admiral in British eyes, with a thoughtful, kindly expression on his face, and shoulders so broad that even with a fair share of inches he seems almost less than common tall, Nicholas Skrydloff is a man who impresses you very favourably at first sight.

Nor does this impression wear off, however well you get to know him. His cheery good nature has done quite as much as his ability to make him the favourite officer in the Russian Navy. He has distinguished himself by enterprise and dash whenever the opportunity offered, and he has always done it in a popular way.

He does not underrate the naval strength of the enemy he has to fight. Just before war broke out he spoke with admiration of the Japs' scientific methods and unflinching courage. But he naturally thinks Russia must win in the end.

Even when he heard of Port Arthur being cut off before he had reached his fleet, he began at once to make plans for getting there. And he would have done it in a Chinese junk, disguised as a coolie, if Admiral Alexieff had not interfered.

Before he set off from St. Petersburg, he said he should put on his card "Port Arthur and Vladivostok." But at Port Arthur for the present he is "not known," nor does it look as if he ever would be.

Farmer Bentover: "That 'ere nephew o' your'n, that's just come home from college, 'pears to be a pretty smart feller, Eary."

Farmer Hornbeak: "Eh-yah! He's so sharp that he shows symptoms of bein' able to make his own livin' in spite of the fact that he's got a college education."—Puck.

## This Morning's Gossip.

Major General Oliphant, by whom the King was received at the Military Tournament yesterday, has spent nearly forty years in the Army, and has fought in Egypt and South Africa. His work in command of the Klerksdorp and Elandsfontein districts was highly thought of, and when he came to succeed Sir Henry Trotter in command of the Home District all agreed that here was a man who knew war by the book and by participation in some of its most trying phases.

We have already "Hospital Sunday," "Peace Sunday," "Citizen Sunday," "Temperance Sunday," "Bible Sunday," and "Kindness Sunday," and now we are threatened with a "Cobden Sunday." A circular has been sent round to clergymen asking them to preach about Cobden and the fiscal question on June 5. If there is any chance of the request being complied with, churches are likely to be emptier than usual on that particular day.

Sir G. S. Clarke, who presides to-night over the inaugural dinner of Australian merchants in London, is an Imperialist of Imperialists. It was he who first coined the phrase "Imperial defences," and he has done his share in making the reality effective. He has seen plenty of fighting, and written military works which are standard authorities; the official account of the defences of Alexandria in his; and he has governed Victoria brilliantly.

Mr. Alfred Austin has scored neatly in getting comedietta accepted by Mr. Bouchier without the latter's knowing it. Mr. Beerbohm Tree would not have been so easily imposed upon, though no doubt he would have been glad enough to have the play. For it was none other than the Poet Laureate who wrote the lines which Mrs. Tree recited upon the opening of her husband's new theatre in the Haymarket. And, to add to the official tone of it all, there were the King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family in the boxes to applaud the composition. Mr. Tree, too, produced "Flodden Field" for Mr. Austin only last year, though he did not appear in it himself.

If, during the next few days, you see numbers of young men nodding industriously to older men in restaurants, you may know they are on what the Americans call the get-rich-quick racket. They will be hoping to meet with the same good fortune as a young clerk in New York, who always used to nod pleasantly to an old sea captain at lunch-time, and has just been left £10,000 by the grateful mariner.

Sir John Stirling-Maxwell, whose wife is lying between life and death as the result of a terrible fall while out riding, owns some of the fairest land in Scotland. There is an estate of twenty odd thousand acres, divided over four counties, and good for £20,000 a year, to say nothing of extensive property in quarries and minerals. His brother, who is heir presumptive, shares the estate, but not Sir John's two magnificent deer forests.

There are several good stories of the late Major-General Wauchope, who died leading his Highlanders at Magersfontein, in the life of him, which appeared yesterday (written by Sir George Douglas; published by Hodder and Stoughton, 10s. 6d.). It may or may not be true that he fought and beat the Duke of Edinburgh when he was a "middy." But there can be no doubt about the account of his lack of small-talk which led him when he met anyone to shake hands and say "How do you do?" and after a few moments' silence to shake hands again and say "Good-bye." No one could have invented anything so lifelike as that.

He was not a man who took misfortune calmly. When he was wounded in Egypt the following dialogue took place between him and his colour-sergeant who attended to him.

Sergeant: I am very sorry for this, sir.  
Wauchope (brusquely): It's only what a officer expects.

A silence.  
Wauchope (bitterly): I knew I had come to this accursed country to die.

Sergeant (cheerily): I don't think it's dangerous, sir. Your lung ain't touched.

Wauchope (testily): What do you know about it? At the same time Sir George Douglas says he was a kind-hearted man and, as a rule, courteous and considerate to all about him.

Wauchope was a strangely casual person. Once his fellow subalterns made a pyramid of all his furniture. He made no attempt to unbuild the pile—merely lay down and slept soundly upon a rug in the corner of the room. His carelessness nearly cost him dear when he was serving in Cyprus. Someone left him a legacy of £1,000, and the lawyers sent out this sum in one note. He carried their letter about with him for most of the day, but towards evening he put it down on a rock in order to drink at a well, and went on, forgetting all about it. When he discovered his loss he turned back, and everybody he met on the way had to turn back with him. He was determined that if one of them had it they should not get away. However, when the procession arrived at the well, there was the note where he had left it. So he apologised all round and let his unwilling companions go.



## PERFORMED BEFORE THE KING YESTERDAY.



The Aldershot Gymnastic Staff, which yesterday gave a display of gymnastics at the Military Tournament in the Agricultural Hall. The tournament was opened in the afternoon by the King, who seemed to be greatly interested. (Photograph by Gale and Polden.)

## CAPT. SCOTT, R.N., AND HIS ACTOR BROTHER.



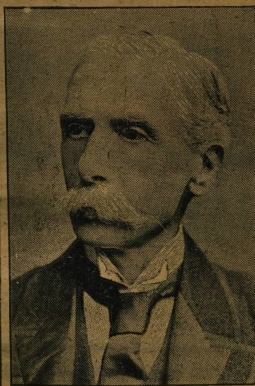
CAPT. PERCY SCOTT.  
(Photograph by Russell.)



MR. MALCOLM SCOTT.  
(Photograph by Inglis and Capstaff.)

Captain Percy Scott, of H.M.S. Terrible, and his brother, Mr. Malcolm Scott, who has achieved fame on the London music-hall stage, and is at present delighting the Pavilion audiences.

## POET LAUREATE'S RUSE.



Mr. Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate, sent a play to Mr. Bourchier, called a "Lesson in Harmony," but put no name on the MS. Mr. Bourchier decided to produce the play, and wrote to the address given. He was somewhat surprised when his new author arrived.—(Photograph by Russell.)

## THE PUSHBALL TEAM DELIGHTED THE QUEEN.



A slight mishap in the game of pushball, played by horses of the Guards, at the Military Tournament. Yesterday the game proved the great attraction, the Queen standing up in the Royal box in her excitement to watch the wonderfully trained horses.

## THE FIRST BATCH OF £2



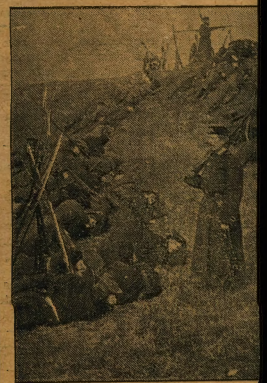
There is a rush to secure the opportunity, provided 300 British emigrants sailed from Blackwall pier "Mirror" special photograph.



An interesting tournament was decided on the Guildford Club links between six of the leading professional golf players. A snapshot of A. Herd, the winner, driving from the fifteenth tee.



The tournament was watched by a large number of spectators, among them being Mr. St. John Brodrick, who is on the left of the picture.



AN IN  
In a little suburb on the outskirts the greatest care is taken to ensure



THE TERRIBLE FIRE AT WESTON-SUPER-MARE—WHERE THE BODIES WERE FOUND.



It was in this appalling fire that Albert Huntley, a boy of seventeen, gave his life in attempting to save the other occupants of the house. His sister, Winifred Huntley, was the only person saved. The efforts of the fire brigade were almost paralysed by the fact that the back of the premises were inaccessible.

JAPAN'S PRESS CENSOR.



Captain Hiraoka, the newly-appointed Japanese Press censor. It is said that the censorship will now be much relaxed.

ANTS TO THE UNITED STATES.



ate war, of emigrating to America for £2. Yesterday the ss. Batavia for New York, via Rotterdam. The caught a characteristic group.



The Western Counties are ringing with the fame of this eighteen-year-old Cornish boy preacher, named Nicholas, who, with his wonderful eloquence, is drawing crowds to hear him.



Who is this? If you do not know, ask your friends. They will be able to tell you. A prize of one guinea for the correct answer. See page 6.—(Copyright, Stage Souvenir Co.)



John Ford, the champion "buck and wing" dancer of America, who is proving a great attraction at the Tivoli Music Hall. (Photograph by Hall, New York.)



The London County Council has purchased the late Colonel North's magnificent house at Avery Hill, Eltham, for a training college for teachers.

HOW LIVING PICTURES OF THE WAR ARE "FAKED."



RUSSIAN BIVOUAC. There is a large and increasing trade in the manufacture of "living pictures" of the war between Russia and Japan. The in detail, and well-known actors are frequently engaged to take the parts of characters which need skilful acting.

JAPANESE ATTACK.—FIGHTING AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

"THE LASS HE LEFT BEHIND HIM."



A clever and dainty photograph of two little Japanese ladies.—(Stereo photograph copyright by Underwood and Underwood.)



# WIVES WHO REMAIN THEIR HUSBANDS' SWEETHEARTS.

## HOW TO KEEP A MAN'S LOVE.

BE PRETTY, MERRY, AND WISE.

To win a man's love is comparatively easy, to keep it a different and often more difficult matter.

Once given, a woman's heart is given for all time. Having bowed down and worshipped a graven image, she is quite content to retain the kneeling attitude for the rest of her life, in spite of all the flaws and imperfections the very lowliness of her position makes apparent. Indeed, the necessity of hiding the cracks in her idol from all the rest of the world only deepens the tenderness of her love, and so long as she can blind others so long will she contentedly wear a bandage over her own eyes.

**Fascinate Him Anew.**

But to even the best of men comes a certain amount of disillusion and regret, once the maiden who floated before their enchanted eyes like a very will-o'-the-wisp is caught, captured, and their very own. She is no longer a mysterious fairy, but an ordinary feminine human being. But while his new and old ideas are knocking one another down comes the clever girl's opportunity which will gain her a husband's love to her life's end. This may be quite another thing from a lover's, but it is far more reliable.

And what is the secret of retaining a man's love? The good old story of the lady, who, on being questioned by her daughter how to retain her husband's affections, laconically observed, "Feed the brute!" is hardly comprehensive enough to meet the case, although feeding does go a very long way in keeping man in the amiable mood.

Next to bad dinners, the most fruitful source of infelicity is want of tact on the part of the wife. A tactful woman is almost certain to be a happy one, however unpromising the material in the shape of a husband she marries, for with sufficient tact a man can be moulded to a woman's will.

**Sees Her As Others See Her.**

A tactful woman makes herself invariably charming to former bachelor friends, and verily she has her reward; for, hearing their praises, her husband is made freshly aware of the treasure he has secured. Wherein lies one of the curious weaknesses of the superior sex, the value of a thing in their eyes being exactly in proportion to the value it holds in the eyes of their fellow-men. The tactful woman is too adaptable to be always the same. Besides, she knows "variety is charming."

How to retain a man's love, my sisters? Retain the pretty little ways by which you won him. Don't, because you are a wife, drop all your delightful little coquetties. Now and then remember that a kiss is more appreciated when it has to be asked for. In a word, flirt with your husband occasionally. He will appreciate the compliment, and by flattering man's vanity one goes far to retain man's love.

## HARD NIGHT WORK

Lightened by Proper Food.

Hours after the rest of the world is wrapped in sleep and gathering strength for the duties of the coming day, the newspaper editor labours on, far into the grey of the morning.

The tax of this hard night work upon his energies and nervous system, that we may have our daily news at breakfast time, is very exhausting.

A well-known editor not far from Leeds tells what great rebuilding power he has found in the breakfast food Grape-Nuts. He says:—

"Personally I can speak in the highest possible terms of the merits of Grape-Nuts food. Before I commenced eating it regularly I suffered considerably from lassitude, both physically and mentally. For some time past now, however, I have scarcely known what it is to feel tired, and I finish up an arduous night's work extending, say, up to about three o'clock every morning, quite fresh and well, and walk home full of energy. Further, I enjoy my food in a manner I had not done for years. I had generally had sufficient breakfast by the mere act of looking at it. Now, however, I have an excellent appetite, and can, as the saying goes, do full justice to an ample and liberal meal. My general health is splendid, especially for so sedentary an occupation, and night work thrown in. There is no tired feeling now, either mentally or physically, and no matter how exacting the work may sometimes be, it now makes no difference to me. I, at any hour now, feel—if I may use such an expression—'bright as a button,' and ever capable and energetic. This I attribute absolutely to the use of my Grape-Nuts."

Name given by the Grape-Nuts Co., Ltd., 66, Shoe-lane, London, E.C.

## THE 1830 BATH.

ANOTHER FASHION FROM A FASHIONABLE TIME.

An 1830 bath is the very latest toilet. It is a bath made of sweet-scented water in which there is enough acid to be invigorating, a bath of a previous generation, and one which every woman of the present time may advantageously try on a day devoted to 1830 vogues.

To make an 1830 bath take a tub of hot water and pour into it a quart of bath vinegar if this can

thoroughly rinsed with tepid water. Girls who are devoted to bon-bons would be wise never to indulge in them without brushing their teeth immediately afterwards.

To remedy blackness, a condition that sometimes attacks the teeth, salt should be rubbed on them and the mouth be well rinsed afterwards. Salt will also stop bleeding after a tooth has been extracted. The mouth should be filled with salt and water, care being taken that not any of it is swallowed.

Milk of magnesia is very efficacious when the teeth seem disposed to drop out and yet there is no decay in them, the cause being that the gums recede. The mouth should be rinsed with it every night before going to bed.

THE EDITRESS.

## COOL AND DAINTY SUMMER GOWN.

The picturesque frock that is illustrated here is made of the palest possible ochre-yellow muslin covered with a moderately small spot. It has a lawn and lace collar mounted upon old rose taffetas, which silk also accounts for the cravat and the sleeve bands. A simple Leghorn hat completes the toilette.



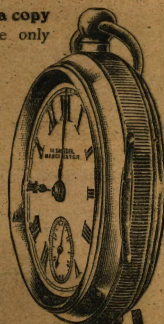
Specially drawn for the "Daily Mirror" by Miss HOARE.

## You can buy a Watch

for yourself, a Clock for the home, or a Ring for your friend at **Factory Prices**—much cheaper than at ordinary shops or from instalment houses.

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## Tooth Powder

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A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

be afforded. Should this extravagance be too great to be indulged in then take a pint, or even a few tablespoonfuls. A tub in toilet vinegar is good for the muscles. It drives away rheumatism, cures neuralgia, is just the thing for a stiff neck, and takes away the ache from tired bones.

A rose geranium bath is recommended to those who have neuralgia and sharp aches and pains. There is something very soothing about the odour of rose geranium. It lulls the senses as not even violets can do.

The aromatic bath—that is, partly ammonia—is liked by those who feel limp in hot weather. Camphorated baths hail from those far-away times, and the person who has sprains or bruises may take a mild one to advantage, but it is not one that can be recommended for daily use. On the whole the toilet vinegar bath is the best one to copy.

## PEARL-WHITE TEETH.

AVOID EXTREMES OF HEAT AND COLD.

The habit of taking beverages so hot that they can only be just sipped, or, on the other hand, iced drinks, has a distinctly deleterious effect upon the teeth. Indeed, there are many careless ways that cause havoc to them. For example, the process of drawing medicine through a tube instead of taking it with a spoon, is not alone sufficient to ensure the teeth being uninjured; they should be brushed immediately afterwards, and the mouth

A NUTRITIVE Substance is NOT always a DIGESTIBLE ONE.

## MELLIN'S FOOD

however is both, and has become the **STANDARD**, because it is a **REAL FOOD—A FOOD THAT FEEDS.**



# CANADA:

WHERE THERE IS WORK FOR  
THE WILLING AND FREE  
FARMS FOR THE WORKERS.

Down in St. Austell, a pretty little town on the Great Western Railway line in the Cornish Riviera, I was astonished at the number of young and middle-aged men who were wasting their lives away standing on street corners, talking of everything else except as to where to find work for themselves and bread for their families.

It took me back a few weeks to Canada, where I saw a young man, not quite twenty-six years of age, who ten years ago was in the same town of St. Austell with Ambition and Energy as his Capital.

To-day, while many of his friends are talking of "hard times and lack of opportunity," this young fellow, Henry Truscett by name, is the owner of 480 acres of land, all the machinery he needs to work it, thirty head of cattle, and seven horses.

Truscett is not one of those who feel that the world owes him a living or wanted his relatives to help him along when the rainy day came. He is of the up-and-doing kind. There are thousands all over England, who are like those I saw in St. Austell, and in Canada there are hundreds like Truscett, with room for a million more.

## WORK FOR ALL.

While the young men and women here are exploring the lack of employment, profitable work is awaiting every one of them across the Atlantic in the Dominion. Not only that, but every man over eighteen years of age can become immediately possessed of a 160 acres farm, with every opportunity afforded him to become a prosperous settler in the 1904 Land of Milk and Honey.

Canada cannot be spelt in letters large enough. It is the beauty spot of the world. It will give employment to all who honestly want it the moment the emigrant arrives, be it man or woman.

Every young man who is not afraid of hard outdoor work should go to Canada.

Frank-Wilson, now at Saskatoon, in a talk said:

I came out here from Wigan, England, last July, with the intention of becoming a settler if the prospects of the country and climate suited me. My first impression of the Prairie was not very good, but after a few weeks' residence here those impressions gradually left me, and now I may say that I quite like the country, and would not care to go back again. Some of the English people have the idea that the winters are too severe. I myself was rather anxious, but I was agreeably surprised to find it not so bad as I anticipated. The dryness of the atmosphere enables one to endure much more cold than we could in England with the damp atmosphere. I think it is much more healthy here, the air is so bracing, and we get so many bright, sunny days. Farming is the chief industry here, and from what I can gather from the older settlers

is very good; of course, they have good and bad seasons. Cattle seem to thrive very well out on the Prairie, and altogether I think that people who are not satisfied in England would do well to come and try their luck if they are willing to work hard and put up with a little inconvenience at first while they build up a home for themselves.

Canada does not owe any man a living though, and fortunately it has no such thing as a work-house. It is too busy a place for lazy bones, and the man in Canada who will not work will starve—and so he rightly should.

Now is the time to go. The Minister of the Interior is a business man, and he is building up a Nation on sound principles. All over the Western part he has established offices with agents, the

will go out there. Mr. Preston, in reply as to what classes should emigrate, said:

## WHO SHOULD GO?

Firstly.—Farmers or persons with experience on farms.

Secondly.—Men who have been accustomed to hard work and who have pluck and an ambition to succeed.

Thirdly.—Persons without experience in agricultural pursuits, but who are determined to devote themselves to that occupation, and who are willing to accept employment for the purpose of acquiring the necessary knowledge regarding methods of work in Canada.

With regard to these classes, it is safe to say that thousands, not only from the British Isles, but from other portions of the world, have succeeded in establishing themselves in comfortable

collected by these officials. The Department is in a position to give the assurance that labour of the character referred to can find immediate employment.

## LARGER THAN U.S.

More than five million acres of land were given away by the Canadian Government last year, and the demand this year is far greater, a constant stream of human beings pouring into Western Canada from the Western States of America as well as from Great Britain. That there is room for all will be seen when one realises that Canada is 250,000 square miles larger than the United States, while the population is not one-twelfth that of the great Republic.

The phenomenal crops of the past few years have been felt all over the Dominion, and the manufacturing industries are continually broadening out.

## UNTOLD WEALTH.

No Country has ever seen or experienced the progress of Canada, the finances of which are in an abnormally healthy condition. English newspapers have published statements during this past winter in which it was said that hundreds of people in Toronto were starving. That this is absolutely untrue can be seen from a letter which arrived in London only this week, in which it is said:

Last winter there was less call for aid for the poor of Toronto than I ever knew here for many years past. Our parish of St. Anne's is largely made up of the class of people mentioned, and

It is well known that the Rector of a parish is amongst the first of those called on for aid to relieve distress. The Anglicans, Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists of our district held a union concert about Christmas-time to raise funds to meet cases of need brought to the parsons' notice during the winter.

## MONEY TO SPARE.

Every one of the parsons have since reported that they had the greatest difficulty in disposing of the funds placed at their disposal to aid really worthy persons or families. Our Rector did not spend his portion, and as a matter of fact about half of what he got is now lying in the bank awaiting the time of need another winter. If building materials (brick, lumber, etc.) were only obtainable to meet the present demand there would be work this season for any number of skilled men in the building trades.

Think seriously of Canada, young men and women of England, and you can do no better thing than to write to Mr. Preston, 11-12, Charing-cross, London, S.W., for more particulars than this space allows me to tell of.

C. H. MURRAY.



The Hut of the Beginner Soon Becomes the Stable, and the New Home is Erected.

duties of whom are to see that the new comers are given the promised 160 acres of land, simply for the asking.

## QUICK RETURNS.

These same agents have made it possible for the settlers to realise quick returns in cash for the result of their labours on the farms.

A settler's hut of to-day becomes a tool house or machine shed in three months, and a house of no mean pretensions takes its place as the home.

For the benefit of prospective emigrants commodious offices have been established at 11 to 12, Charing-cross, London, S.W., in charge of Commissioner of Emigration W. T. R. Preston, who will be pleased to send all manner of literature regarding the golden opportunities in Canada free of charge to all who are interested enough to make the request either personally or by a half-penny postcard.

I had a talk with Mr. Preston yesterday in regard to the terrible number of unemployed people in Great Britain. He said only what I have seen quite recently in Canada, that there is room and situations awaiting all the workers who

homes, free from anxiety as to their future prospects, and who have, by due diligence and care, succeeded in gaining a competency.

## PRODUCTIVE COUNTRY.

Greater opportunities for ambitious men never were offered by any agricultural country in the world than those to be had in this fertile and productive country.

As to employment for those who prefer to go out and start their life by first working for others, Mr. Preston said:

The Department is in a position to assure every able-bodied and willing worker who desires to get employment in Canada, that immediately on arrival either at Toronto or Winnipeg, with the assistance of Government officers at these points, positions will be found with responsible and respectable farmers. Both in the Provinces of Ontario and Manitoba, and in Western Canada there is practically an unlimited demand for farm assistance. A regular department has been instituted by the Government for the purpose of placing the new arrivals with farmers requiring labour. With the information which has been



# GREAT MEN'S FAVOURITE SONGS.

Tsar Fond of English Melodies,  
While the Portuguese King  
Sings "The Bogie  
Man" in French.

"It is a curious thing," says a well-known West End music publisher, "that politicians and men of society buy twice as much song-music as authors and artists."

Another music publisher informed the *Daily Mirror's* representative that one of Mr. Chamberlain's first acts after his return from South Africa was to buy several copies of "Violets." Mr. Chamberlain is very fond of serious songs, and had himself a remarkably clear, resonant voice in his early days, that Mr. Ritchie's favourite songs are all old-fashioned, the chief being "Alice, Where Art Thou?" and "In the Gloaming." Mr. Balfour prefers instrumental music to singing, but likes to hear comic songs well sung.

Lord Rothschild's favourite is "Come Back to Erin," and this and "The Wearing of the Green" are the pet songs of Mr. Redmond. Mr. Haldane, on the other hand, "will have nothing but German songs—his favourites are Heine's songs set to music."

"Song of Sleep."

Mr. Wyndham likes comic songs, and can sing them too. Not long ago he belted out "The Merry Christening," and "Clementine." He "cannot stand modern music-hall songs." The Duke of Devonshire likes Gounod's sacred songs, and his grandson, the Hon. Victor Cavendish, lately bought Lord Henry Somerset's "Song of Sleep," but whether to give it to his grandfather or not does not appear.

"The stretched metre of an antique song" is the taste of Mr. Morley, who "can tolerate nothing modern." Mr. Winston Churchill differs, as becomes one of the younger generation. He likes new songs, but has been known to sing "Three Jolly Post Boys."

"Lord Heskaby used to be a great lover of sentimental songs," wrote an old friend. Two of

his favourites were "Marguerite" and the ballad "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still." Lord Grey is very much interested in national hymns, and has a collection of them. Sir Howard Vincent's tastes run in the same direction.

Lord Rosebery's Tastes.

"Lord Rosebery sometimes writes for new songs, always in his own handwriting," the *Mirror's* representative was informed. "He likes songs about home-life, about sailors, and he also buys sacred songs. He once bought a large collection of American college songs."

"Moore's Irish Melodies" are the favourites of several well-known men, including the Duke of Westminster. The Duke of Argyll likes Burns's songs. His favourite is "Ye Banks and Braes."

Lord Milner is indifferent to all music, but his brother administrator, the Earl of Cromer, likes all Eastern melodies. The Hon. Charles Har-

dinge, our new Ambassador at St. Petersburg, "likes serious, but dislikes sentimental, songs."

Sir Henry Irving dislikes comic songs, but is fond of old-fashioned English and good German songs, and in the latter taste he is followed by Sir Charles Wyndham. According to one of his friends, Mr. F. C. Gould's favourite song is Tosti's "Good-bye!"

Lord Roberts' taste lies in "good-class soldier songs. He will have nothing vulgar, and dislikes the 'Tommy Atkins' element." Sir Red-



The Duke of Devonshire prefers Gounod's sacred songs, and is credited with a secret liking for the "Song of Sleep."

vers Buller does not care for songs at all, but is fond of cake-walk melodies played on the piano. Sir William Butler likes all sorts of songs, but his favourites are Irish and Canadian. Lord Carnarvon's songs, like his scarf-pins, are "sporting." "He can beat anyone at the chorus of 'John Peel.'" Lord Anglesey, on the other hand, is sentimental. He likes love-songs.

Mr. H. G. Wells "likes serious songs," and Mr. G. R. Sims "only songs reflecting popular humor and pathos. He cannot stand the sentimental." Mr. Kipling's favourite is "Come Into the Garden, Maud."

The Rev. R. J. Campbell is an expert in everything that relates to Nonconformist hymnology. Of secular songs he prefers those from Italian operas. "The Poet Laureate" "likes all good songs," and Mr. John Lubbock "likes songs for choral singing." He is a believer in Welsh music. Mr. W. T. Stead does not care for music in any form, but his brother Liberal journalist, Mr. Massingham, is an impassioned lover of old melodies. He prefers baritones to tenors.

Tsar's Weak Tenor.

Count Tolstoi's favourite songs are those written by his compatriot, Glinka. He is also fond of Russian University songs, and cannot tolerate modern German melodies. Viscount Hayashi "only cultivated a taste for Western music late in life," and still prefers the curious music of his native country. General Kuropatkin's favourite is the "Gaidamuk of the Irkutsk," the Continental Universities. He is a skilled pianoforte player. Count Benckendorff, the Russian Ambassador in London, is fond of the opera, but does not care for chamber music.

The Tsar is fond of English songs, as he is of everything English. He has a pleasant but weak tenor voice, and sings duets with the Tsarina. He is very fond of songs written by the Grand Duke Constantine, and set specially to music by M. Rimsky-Korsakov. He sings several songs from Balfe's operas.

The Kaiser has had several of his own songs set to music, and before his recent operation used to sing them to his wife. He is supposed to dislike the "Wacht am Rhein." Prince Henry, brought back from America an immense collection of popular songs, and much amuses his relatives by singing them.

Another Sovereign with a taste for Anglo-Saxon melodies is the King of Portugal, who sings in French "The Bogie Man," "The Devout Lover," and several modern music-hall melodies in a powerful tenor voice.

## OUR SERIAL.

# Stage-Struck.

By SIDNEY WARWICK.

## CHAPTER XLIV. (continued.)

"Please, you mustn't be dreadfully angry with me—I've run away from the convent!"

The impulsive confession broke from the girl's lips, as, pausing only for a moment on the threshold of the room, she ran across to her mother with a little appealing gesture; only the laughter dancing in her eyes seemed to indicate how extremely unrepentant this pretty sinner was. Then a look of dismayed confusion swept over the flushed, excited face, as her eyes fell on the man in evening clothes who had moved aside upon her abrupt entrance.

"You must give me time to recover from my surprise before I can say whether I am angry or not!" said Janet, kissing the winsome, girlish face. Her first swift feeling of fear had been followed by a sensation of relief, as she realised that Elsie could not have heard the words that Percival Osmond uttered just before the door opened.

The mask had slipped over Osmond's face again; he saw that this girl guessed nothing of the strained situation upon which she had broken, that she would naturally expect him to be introduced to her. He wondered what Mrs. Davenport would do.

Janet had quite recovered her self-possession. "I must reserve my scoldings till later, Elsie," she said, smiling affectionately into the piquant face. "This gentleman and I"—Osmond bowed towards the girl, as though he assumed the words to be an introduction—"have a matter of—of rather important business; meanwhile you will want to take your hat and cloak off, so come with me to my bedroom."

Osmond watched the two leave the room, with a grim little smile. "It had been an awkward moment for a convent-girl's daughter to break in on her mother; the actress had carried it off very well. But he had been quick to notice an odd look—a look almost of dread—that had started to her face as her daughter came in. What was it he was saying at the moment?—'with a husband who had been in prison for fraud.' Could it be that this daughter, buried away in a convent, had been kept in ignorance of her father's disreputable past? If so, it might be a useful lever to hold. Perhaps—"

The door opened again, and Janet entered alone. Her brows were wrinkled in a frown. She was angry with herself for having asked this man to her flat to-night merely to add the sting of humiliated vanity to his defeat. Her ends would have been served equally well if she had gone that afternoon to his City office and convinced him that she held the stronger hand; that was the natural thing to have done. It was the theatrical instinct,

she told herself scornfully, that had prompted her to make her interview with this scoundrel theatrically effective, to decorate his discomfiture with the insel devices that the gallery applauds. Janet felt suddenly ashamed and angry. Was she so infected with the artificiality of the stage that even in the ordering of her private affairs she could not forget the footlights? Why had she asked this man here? At the least it would strike Elsie as odd to find him here in her mother's flat at this hour—this girl fresh from her convent school, who Janet had told herself should never be brought into contact with the licence of Bohemianism that seemed inevitably, almost as a matter of course, to be tolerated by those in her profession. She would end the scene now and the man should go.

"Well," she said, curtly, "I am waiting for your answer. The letter," she spoke of his statement, written and signed by Major Garrow, of your connection with the fraudulent company."

His face may have gone a shade paler.

"Garrow? Nonsense!" he cried.

The man she named was one of the directors remanded for trial, now out on bail. Surely Garrow would not turn traitor. All Garrow's interests at this juncture lay in sticking to the man who was paying him well for his silence.

"It is a statement made by Major Garrow," she repeated coldly. "I made it my business to see this morning. I told him the case—how your threat to a lady was brief but emphatic, and without hesitation he agreed to write the letter I desired. Unless you return Miss Ormstead's letter that statement will be sent to-night to the shareholders' committee, who are but too anxious to have a pretext for proceeding against you. Major Garrow will swear to every statement he has made in it."

He looked at her hard. Yes, he could believe her; Garrow was just the sort of impulsive, sentimental old fool who could never refuse, even at personal cost, when a pretty woman asked a favour of him; that was the worst of having dealings with Irishmen, he told himself savagely; she had known how to attack his weak point, his gallantry—the fool! Chivalry wasn't business.

"I suppose this isn't a piece of bluff?" he asked, though a look at her face had dispelled the last lingering doubt.

"I will prove it if you like," she said contemptuously. "I will call my servant in; she shall open and read aloud the letter in your presence. At present she is ignorant of its nature, and this course might be unpleasant for you; since servants gossip; however, if you care to risk that in order to be convinced it is immaterial to me."

"I am quite satisfied that you have turned the tables very neatly on me. You are a clever woman than I expected, Mrs. Davenport," Osmond said. His self-possession had returned. He was beaten, and he felt that nothing was to be gained by kicking against the inevitable. "Probably,

whatever poor old Garrow has written couldn't harm me, but since I never meant seriously my threat, as you call it, to Miss Ormstead—or, rather, had her father refused to fall in with my views, I should never have put it into execution—I have no objection to returning Miss Ormstead's letter."

Janet's lips curled slightly; she knew he was lying, yet he was carrying off his discomfiture amazingly well.

"Please convey this to Miss Ormstead, with my compliments. It is extremely fortunate I happen to have on me," He took a letter from a pocket-case and handed it to her. A glance told Janet that it was in Ethel's handwriting. "I have your assurance that Garrow's interesting communication will now be suppressed? Not that I think it contains anything that could do me harm, but these things are as well destroyed. Perhaps, to make sure, you will give me the letter?"

"To-morrow, when Miss Ormstead has assured me that this is her letter," Janet answered. She was on the rack of impatience for him to be gone. She had got the letter; now the man would take his departure, and she could go back to Elsie. It was hateful to think of the same roof covering Elsie and this unscrupulous scoundrel.

"To-morrow will do perfectly, thanks," he smiled. He paused. She moved across to the bell. "Ah, you are going to stop the dispatch of Garrow's foolish letter? Yes, that detail must not be neglected. Then we will dismiss these unpleasant business affairs for the rest of the evening. It is charming of your daughter to drop in so unexpectedly, to make a third at our little supper party."

"A third?" she echoed. She could hardly credit the extent of his insolence.

"Your daughter will join us, I hope?" he said airily.

"That hardly requires an answer," she said coldly. "Our business is over, Mr. Osmond, and—"

Before she could ring the bell to have him shown out, he interrupted her intention.

"By the way, Mrs. Davenport, I feared for a moment that my words had been indiscreet when I chanced, just as Miss Davenport broke in upon us, to refer to that most regrettable episode in her father's career," he said; and in his manner she read a whispered note of menace. "Happily she did not hear. Such painful stories are better kept from such young, innocent ears, as you doubtless agree?" he added.

In spite of herself Janet winced; the thrust told, and he was right. This girl did not know, and her mother hoped to keep the knowledge from her.

"Mrs. Davenport," he said softly, "we have made one bargain to-night; I have given you Miss Ormstead's letter in return for your pledge that Garrow's statement shall not be used. I know you won't go back on your promise. Now I propose another bargain."

"What do you mean?"

"Your charming daughter is unaware of that page in her father's past," he murmured insinuatingly. "It is an old story of more than eighteen years ago; practically it is forgotten. No one is

likely to rake it up—least of all, to the man's daughter, to whom the knowledge would be so terrible a blow. No one could be so cruel—unless compelled by a very urgent motive. Your hopes that she will never learn her father's history are reasonable enough."

He paused, as if to emphasise the words he had just uttered. She stood looking at him in silence; her expression was inscrutable to him.

"Now I suggest," he continued, "that, our first bargain concluded and the question closed, we strike a further one; you give me back Miss Ormstead's letter, and I will—help you to keep a secret that no one else is ever likely to disturb."

Janet understood the threat perfectly. He had read her thoughts; she had not told Elsie about her father; she had hoped that that old shameful story was buried; that Elsie would be spared the pain of knowing it. But she had called her father a scoundrel as to tell the girl about her father's crime; as for Davenport himself, he was glad enough to efface himself in return for the allowance she made him; she had long since ceased to trouble about him. But between her and that sense of security came this man's threat. Was she to let him persecute Ethel? Or must she, in order to buy his silence? Ethel's peace of mind or Elsie's?

But she did not hesitate. She stretched out her arm and touched the electric bell.

"My answer," she said quietly. Then, as the maid answered the summons, "Show this gentleman out," she said.

Their eyes met in the duel of a moment. So she refused? At any rate he could revenge himself, strike at her through her child! He bowed and went out, her eyes following him.

To-night she had trumped his best trick, laughed at him, humiliated him, the man told himself savagely, as he went out into the street, the eternal smile fading from his features. She had snatched out of his hands the weapon by which he had hoped to coerce the counsel for the prosecution. But he would strike back at Janet Davenport—through her daughter! And not in this one thing alone, the secret the actress had hoped to keep from the girl, but in another, a more ruthless way! He would humble her pride to the dust, make her rue bitterly that she had refused the terms he had offered, before he had done with her!

To be continued to-morrow.

We shall BEGIN on SATURDAY WEEK, i.e. June 4th, a strong human story by Alice and Claude Askew, whose novel "The Shulamite," is undoubtedly the most dramatic story published during the present season. The writers believe that they have in their new story, "THE PREMIER'S DAUGHTER," which we shall begin to publish on SATURDAY WEEK, surpassed all their previous efforts.



# Subscriptions to "The Times"

UNDER THE NEW SYSTEM OF

HOUSE-TO-HOUSE DELIVERY

**WILL NOT BE ACCEPTED FOR MORE THAN TWO YEARS.**

It has been announced that "The Times" will apply its new system of sale—assuring the daily delivery of "The Times" in many places where it cannot now be purchased, and effecting to the regular reader a substantial saving—to only a limited number of subscriptions.

This limitation is an important one, for it necessitates immediate action on the part of any reader of this advertisement who desires to make sure that he may be among those who will benefit by the adoption of a purely experimental new plan of sale which may or may not be continued.

There can be no question but that the new system must operate to the purchaser's advantage, but it is as yet by no means certain that the loss of profit upon the sale of "The Times," which must inevitably result under the new conditions, will be counterbalanced by such an increase in the revenue from advertisements as shall warrant "The Times" in applying those new conditions to any very large part of its circulation.

A sharp distinction has therefore been made between subscriptions for only one year—52 weeks—and subscriptions for two years—104 weeks.

The reader who takes advantage of the two-year offer effects, of course, exactly twice as great a saving as is assured by the subscriber for one year. It is only natural that those who appreciate the benefits which purchasers gain from the new system should be eager to subscribe for as long a period as possible. But the subscription form which appears at the foot of this advertisement, in providing for a two-year subscription at most, indicates all that "The Times" will do.

No exceptions can be made.

"The Times" will not, under any circumstances, accept a subscription upon these special terms for more than two years—104 weeks.

Nor will "The Times" undertake to keep the two-year offer open for even as many days as the one-year offer.

The whole offer will in any case be withdrawn very shortly, and if subscriptions for two years arrive in any great number during the next day or two, "The Times" cannot even promise to keep this part of the offer open next week. It is only right that the opportunity should be extended to as great a number of subscribers as it seems prudent to accept under the new conditions, rather than to half as many subscribers for twice as long a time. "The Times" incurs as great a risk by accepting one subscription for two years as by accepting two subscriptions for one year, and the nature of the risk is indeed such that it would be illogical to encourage two-year subscriptions at the cost of being compelled the sooner to refuse one-year subscriptions. Since the saving which the reader effects under the new conditions of sale directly diminishes the profit upon the sale of "The Times," it is only by an increased income from advertisements that the equilibrium can be maintained and "The Times" under the new conditions can remain upon the sound financial footing upon which it now stands and has always stood. That increase of the revenue from advertisements must obviously depend upon a prompt increase in the circulation as a result of the new conditions, and subscriptions for two years do no more to immediately increase the circulation of "The Times" than do subscriptions for one year.

It will readily be seen from this explanation that there is nothing arbitrary or unreasonable in the stringent enforcement of the rule that "The Times" will accept no subscription under the new system for more than two years, nor yet in the reservation made that the offer for two years may be withdrawn even sooner than the offer for one year may be.

## THE SYSTEM OF HOUSE-TO-HOUSE DELIVERY.

There is not sufficient space in this advertisement for a detailed discussion of all the advantages which the subscriber will gain by adopting this new system, nor is there space for a full consideration of the history of "The Times" and a discussion of its distinguishing characteristics. We are, however, distributing by post this week a large number of copies of a pamphlet containing a short history of "The Times," and those who do not receive a copy by the beginning of the week are requested to apply to "The Manager of 'The Times.'" But subscriptions should be booked at once, if it is desired to obtain the discount of 18s., as the offer will shortly be withdrawn.

### House-to-House Delivery.

"The Times" will be delivered at any residence in the United Kingdom by newsvendors or by post, and, whichever method of delivery the subscriber under this offer selects, he will effect a saving of 18s. a year.

### Changes of Address.

The subscriber under the new system, who receives his paper through a newsvendor, may, during temporary absence from home, have his paper delivered either by post or by some other newsvendor in any part of the United Kingdom; or, if he is going abroad, receive the paper by post upon the payment of the additional postage. On the other hand, if his movements are to be so uncertain that he does not know where he will want his paper delivered, he may stop it altogether for a few weeks, at which time he may resume it without charge, except the term of his subscription for an equal number of weeks. All notifications of change of address must be sent to the office of "The Times," 11, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4, and not given to a newsvendor.

### The Newsvendor Protected.

The newsvendor will receive precisely the same profit he now receives upon the sale of "The Times."

### The Regular Prices Unaltered.

The price of single copies of "The Times" will still be threepence; and when this offer is withdrawn yearly subscribers will have to pay 4s. a year.

### A Saving of 18/-.

Any one who at once uses the subscription form at the foot of this page can have "The Times" for a year—52 weeks—upon payment of 43s. which is 18s. a year less than any one now pays for "The Times."

### 18/- a Quarter.

Any one who prefers to make quarterly payments may remit only 18s. with the subscription form, and make three payments of 18s. each.

### Two-Year Subscriptions.

We do not desire to incur too great a risk either by accepting a large number of subscriptions on these terms or by accepting subscriptions for too long a period. The number of subscriptions will be accepted for two years—104 weeks—but if any considerable proportion of those who promptly accept the offer should subscribe for two years, we shall withdraw the two-year offer even before we withdraw the one-year offer.

### Foreign Subscribers.

Subscribers outside the United Kingdom may receive "The Times" by post on the special terms upon payment of the additional postage.

As foreign subscriptions cannot reach the office of "The Times" before the offer will have been withdrawn, subscription forms mailed abroad within two days after the receipt of the paper containing this advertisement will be accepted although they arrive after the subscription list for the United Kingdom has been closed.

### Lists soon to be Closed.

Subscribers who promptly make use of the subscription form printed on this page will receive "The Times" from Monday, July 4th, to Saturday, July 1st, 1905, both inclusive. We cannot, however, promise to accept such subscriptions after the next few days.

As in this respect unusual, the more the offer meets with public approbation, the sooner it must be withdrawn. When as many discount subscriptions as it seems prudent to accept shall have been booked, the offer will be withdrawn without further notice. Persons who desire to secure "The Times" on the special terms should therefore use the order form immediately.

### Cheques to be dated July 4th.

Cheques need not bear a date earlier than July 4th.

### Further Announcements to Come.

Other facilities and advantages, particulars of which will be set forth in advertisements, will be offered to those who avail themselves of this new system of subscription, and not offered to persons who buy "The Times" day by day.

### Cheques need not bear a date earlier than July 4th.

THE MANAGER, THE TIMES, 11, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4. (Fill in date).....1904.  
I enclose my Cheque made payable to "THE TIMES Special Account" and crossed "Barclay & Co., for".....

Strike out one of these paragraphs. {18s. to be followed by three payments of 18s. each, on October 8th and December 31st, 1904, and on March 31st, 1905.  
{£3. in full for one year—52 weeks.

Please enter my name as a discount subscriber to THE TIMES for one year—52 weeks—beginning with Monday, July 4th, 1904, and finishing with Saturday, July 1st, 1905.  
I desire THE TIMES to be delivered to me by post, or through (a) Mr.....  
(Fill in name of newsvendor).

..... of .....  
(Fill in address of newsvendor).

I engage not to sell the paper, and this subscription is subject to the conditions set forth in your published offer. If for any reason you desire to stop, so, you may with one week's notice stop the delivery, returning to me the due proportion of payments made for the unexpired term.  
(Signature and Address).....

(Please write clearly).....  
Mi 6. ....

NOTE.—If the subscriber desires to secure THE TIMES for two years—104 weeks—he should enclose 86 and alter the form accordingly, thus obtaining what regular subscribers have hitherto paid 2s. for. But THE TIMES does not promise to accept more than a few two-year subscriptions, and remittances arriving too late will be returned.

FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS should enclose with this form, whether they are making one payment in full or only a payment of 18s., an additional 21 6s. for Foreign Postage.

N.B.—Are you already a daily purchaser of "The Times"?.....  
(a) Insert here Name and Address of Newsvendor through whom you have hitherto received the paper, or of the Newsvendor through whom you now desire to receive it.



Cerrillo .....	6	9	3	St. Helier .....	3	8	0
Xyphea .....	4	9	3	Clanden Lad ....	4	9	0
A.N.B. ....	2	9	3	Emerald Agnes ..	3	7	11
Ray .....	4	9	3	St. Briac .....	3	7	11







